

was saying tauntingly:

"Afraid to drink, are you?"

Mr. Graham remembered that he had noticed that Tom's wine glasses had been turned down during the banquet.

"No," Tom said quietly, and Mr. Graham realized that Tom was not contributing to the noisy conversation of the group.

"Then what makes you spoil sport?" continued the young man, who had evidently been drinking too much.

"Me? Oh, I don't drink because I don't care for it, that's all. The next-day headache seems too high a price to pay for a somewhat questionable pleasure the night before," and he laughed easily, then added:

"Come on, Bob; let's go home."

"You're afraid to drink. I dare you to take a drink, just one to show you know how," and the tone was so taunting that Mr. Graham fully expected to see Tom turn with his friend into the cafe; but the young man only laughed again, and throwing his arm about the shoulder of his tempter, said quietly:

"You're coming with me," and managed to get him away from the convivial crowd.

Mr. Graham jammed his hat down on his head and went home. For a full hour he studied over the matter, with the result that the next evening he sent for Tom. When that astonished but delighted young man arrived, he told him briefly:

"Take my girl. I'm satisfied. A man who can control himself

can always control others. I need you in my business.

"I need him, too, father," Majorie whispered delightedly.

With his arm about Majorie, Tom shook Mr. Graham by the hand. "I guess we all need each other," he said happily.

JUST HIS LUCK



Amateur Fisherman — Doesn't it beat all! Here, after paying for a mess of fish to be ready at the store on my way home, I actually catch one.

Back Home.

"Was your love affair romantic?"

"Oh, very! I met Reginald at the seashore. We both pretended to be very rich."

"Yes, yes."

"And now it turns out that he collects the payments on our piano."